

JERSEY BEAT

April - May

Vol. 2 No. 1

Issue 8

Our 1st Anniversary Issue!

FREE

NEW FACES OF '83!

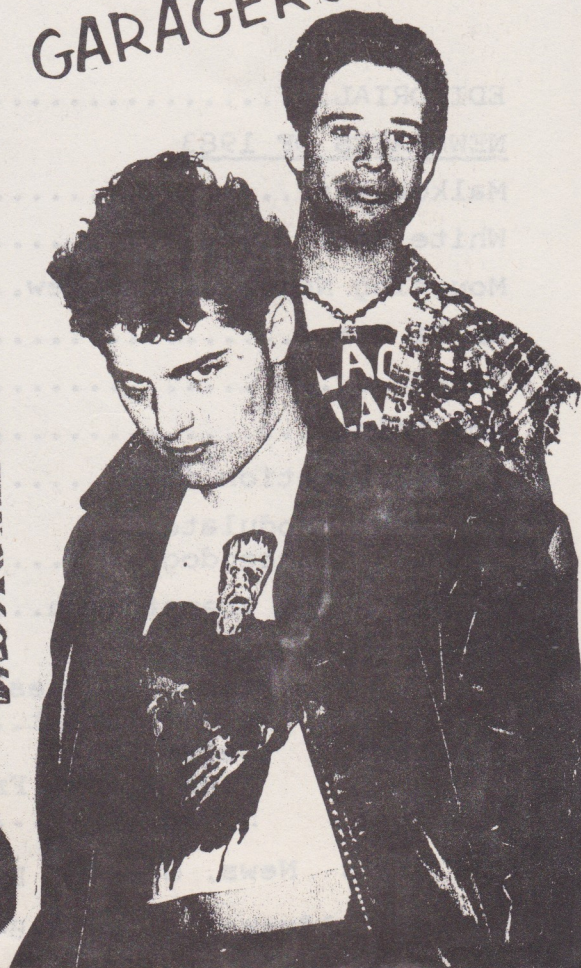
POP



HARDCORE



GARAGEROCK





JERSEY BEAT
 418 GREGORY AVE.
 WEEHAWKEN, NJ 07087
USA



APRIL/MAY 1983 "THE INTERNATIONAL VOICE OF NJ'S NEW MUSIC" VOL. II NO. I

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Special Thanks to Cathy Miller
 for the photos.

And, as always, Jersey Beat would
 not be possible without the support
 of a lot of terrific people: Jim
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 their records and tapes. Congrats
 to Bill Ryan for the 200 game!

THE BEAT GOES ON Pt. II

With pride - and not a small amount of awe - we mark our first anniversary with this issue and, like it says in the title, the beat goes on.

This past year has been a lot of fun, rewarding in a personal (if not a financial) sense. And largely, it's been that way for the music and the musicmakers we've written about too.

It hasn't been a bad year for the Jersey scene to which we've dedicated our attentions. If nothing else, nobody thinks of Jersey has just a cover-band scene anymore. But if the Bongos and Wind At Night and Adrenalin O.D. have all come to garner fans and club dates and great reviews, it's equally true that none of them have soared to the fame and success enjoyed by bands with no more talent but a lot more something: Luck? Karma? Whatever. As far as the charts go, it's been California's year, though. Let's hope that in '83, a little of that rubs off on the East Coast contenders.

As a way of both celebrating and saying thanks for the last year, we've devoted most of this issue to new bands that most of you will never have heard of before. Of course, that's pretty much what Jersey Beat has been doing since we started.

Like we said, the beat goes on.



Invasion of the Riff Snatchers

A concept band: The concept being Midwestern 60's psychedelic punkrock. The Malkotians don't limit themselves to just Nuggets-y rockers, but include jams, electric blues, all the vagaries of psychedelia that drove all of us old-timers up the wall back when. The Malkotians (the name comes from a Star Trek episode, circa '67) feature ex-Raybeat Danny Amis on lead guitar, where he provides twang and raunch as well as occasional flashes of his surf-beat roots. Ex-Phosphene Walter Grater plays steady 4/4 on drums and newcomer Thomas Sliwoski shows promise on bass. Lead vocals, keyboards, and rhythm guitar come from Scott Brooks, a tall, laconic bopster with a style as smooth as Kookie Byrre's hair. The songs work best when they play it simple: The uptempo garagerock of "Bad Movies," the psychedelic oomph of "You Better Run For it." Things fall down real fast when the band forays into slower tempos and please, guys, lose that slide-guitar blues rap number. The DelFuegos and Lyres do this sort of thing better for now, but the Malkotians have more than enough talent to grow into contenders. Next stop: R.T. Firely. - J. Testa

MALKOTIANS

WHITE BAT

Most bats emerge from the belfry but WHITE BAT comes from the basement of the stalled Luna Legion, a hoary Hudson County club band, temporarily on hiatus. Guitar whiz Bob Martinelli, bassist Ed Nervi, and drummer Artie Santos have revved up a supercharged thinking-man's tribute to the loonytune heavy-metal bombast of their boyhood heroes, Blue Oyster Cult. "Run And Hide" is 6:37 of rumbling power-chorded declamation, while "Rok Viking" runs more toward Martinelli's hyper-flashy riffing. More florid and sonorous than the Legion (or the Cult) ever were, this is just vulgar enough to produce a monster hit.

- J.T.

"Run & Hide"/"Rok Viking"
WHITE BAT (demo tape)
3 Cooper Pl. Weehawken NJ



interview: MOURNING NOISE

by Mike Lydon

This interview was conducted with Steve, the drummer from Mourning Noise, over the phone. Thanks to Dave Scott of AOD for helping to set things up.

Jersey Beat: How did the band get its name?

Steve: Well, our singer Mike goes to school and takes communications, and he had to do a radio show for a class project, so he was going to call it the Morning Show. So I said why don't you call it the Mourning, like in death, M-O-U-R-N-I-N-G, and I said why don't you call it the Mourning Noise Show? We had that name and liked it even before we really had the band.

JB: How did the band form?

S: Me and Mike went to school together with our bass player Chris and we became friends and started playing together, then I met this guitarist and the rest is history
...

Continued on Page 14

JERSEY PUNK RULES, OK?

HI FI TIE: DOR With Horns

by John Souchak

Call it hop, funk, swingtime, or whatever, Hi Fi Tie is adding another dimension to the current trend of Dance-Oriented Rock. In only eight months, this group has hit the biggest clubs in the NY/NJ area and the response has been overwhelming. They're slated to appear on the next Dirt Compilation LP, and the band has played CBGB, the Mudd Club, the Ritz, and the Dirt Club.

The group consists of Rob Walshon on vocals and sax, James Colbert on guitar, Ken Steinacher on drums, Jon Ossman on bass, and Jose' Perez on percussion. The band adds a three-piece horn section on occasion (Rick DePlofi, sax; Spencer McLoish, trumpet; and Billy Eisele, trombone) for a combination that's pure excitement.

At a mid-February show at the Dirt, the band opened with the hard-driving "Mr. Hard Times," then introduced the horns and proceeded to wail through an hour of their best stuff, including Gene Kelly's famous production number, "Gotta Dance."

The show had its problems - percussionist Perez couldn't make the gig, and part of the audience was less than enthusiastic. But the deadheads in the crowd didn't deaden the band's fervor, and there was enough steam left for an encore, "Tell Your Mama," which the band performed flawlessly. I left thoroughly pleased and expecting great things from Hi Fi Tie in the near future.

John Souchak is a disc jockey at Kean College's WKNU-FM (90.3). His program airs Fridays from 10 p.m. to 2 a.m.

"Labyrinth"/"Bad Timing"
Jihad/Jihad Records
523 Grand St. Hoboken NJ 07030

Dorothy Parker once wrote something about Hemingway's effect on other young writers that today holds true for the Velvet Underground's seemingly endless influence over contemporary rock: "The simple thing he does looks easy to do," noted Parker, "But look at the boys who try to do it."

Even if we forgive Steve Wynn and Bob Pfeifer their excesses, the number of new bands that evoke that Velvet touch beggars understanding. Remember: The Velvet Underground were flops the first time around. Now, next to the Beatles, their sound is the most imitated in pop music.

jihad

do the shtic

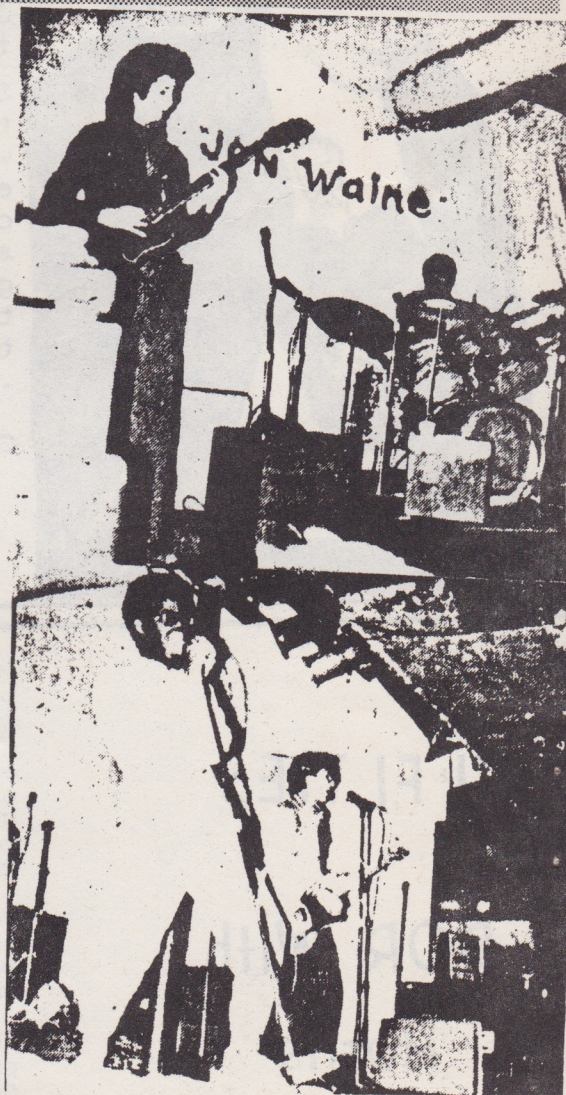
"Do The Tic"/"Boogie Down The Congo"
JON WAINE/flexi-disc
P.O. Box 1970
New Brunswick, NJ 08903

They're funky, they're cool... You can have 'em. First of all, this flexi-disc is an odd size; hard to store and hard to play. A glance at the lyric sheet reveals social-significance but the songs seem to last forever. Even solid musicianship can't save them. Anyone want to buy a flexi-disc real cheap?

- Pattie Kleinke

Jon Waine has a great idea: A real inner-city fusion, black/white, male/female. But on the basis of their flexi-disc single and the tail end of a recent gig at R.T. Firefly, the band can't translate its concept of "Afro New Wave" into anything more than tired black affectations overlaid onto painfully ordinary rock songs. "Do The Tic" is almost as grating as the Bus Boys. The band blends rock, reggae, new wave, jazz, and soul but the sum is less than the parts; or as the Bush Tetras say, "You can't be funky if you haven't got a soul."

- J.T.



JON WAINE

The newest addition to the Lou Reed Fan Club is Jihad, four journeyman new-wavers who have settled in that pop Mecca, Hoboken, and have released this 45 to promote their wares. Jihad certainly gets all the moves down right: The twin guitars ramble dreamily through post-psychedelic reveries while the monotone-voiced lead singer recites bad beatnik poetry in a voice full of angst (through a mouth full of marbles). "Labyrinth" is five and a half minutes of this formula, but the guitars are so pretty and the whole thing so lullingly familiar that the sum of the borrowed parts actually adds up to a pleasant listen. "Bad Timing" rocks out a bit more and you could almost imagine this at the top of some garageband cultist's hit list if it weren't all so *deja vu*'. Maybe it's just "bad timing" indeed, but with so much Velvetmania in the air, I've just grown a bit fed up with MOR - Misery-Oriented Rock - for a while.

Maureen Tucker, call your service.

- Jim Testa

TDV: Loud enuf for ya?

Thirteen Day Vacation (TDV)

Hard to take these guys too seriously when they insisted on making up stage names as we interviewed them. Nonetheless, "Lars," "Bozly," and "Raven X" (Larry, Steve, and Paul to their friends) have been together about 7 months. With Larry handling lead guitar and lead vocals, he has little chance to do much thrashing around onstage, and that's given TDV the reputation of being a little stiff. The boys (they're about 17 yrs old) don't have much stage experience yet either yet, which also shows. But the songs are just fine, especially the slow ones, which can really pack a lot of emotional power. Not surprisingly, the band's fast thrash songs run to cliché - thrash

is such a codified genre of music that all thrash sounds alike. And of course these kids find it nearly impossible to get gigs. Hometowns: Oakridge, Manalapan, and the hardcore capital of the world, Clifton, NJ. Give 'em some time on stage to work up some cool and a few more months rehearsal time and they should be the newest babyfaced killers on the block.



TDV: Photo - Cathy Miller

PERFECT POP?

by Pattie Kleinke

"She's So Cynical"/"Dream Girls"
Modulators/Vintage Vinyl Records
1376 Springfield Ave.
Irvington, NJ

I don't know how I luck into all these "Dirt-Pop" bands while my colleagues are reviewing the Bongos and AOD; but every once in a while I come up with a genuinely fine record. Such is the case with the Modulators' 45. Joe Riccardello, Mark Higgins, and Mark Westlake play pure pop in the vein of Marshall Crenshaw or the lighter side of Steve Almas: Bright, energetic, witty (reminds me of the guy I went to my Senior Prom with!) "She's So Cynical", complete with handclaps and moraccas, just may be The Perfect Pop Song. No kidding. The verses build and the chorus bubbles. The b-side would have made a great instrumental - wotta hot (but short) guitar break from M. Higgins! Machinegun drumming virtually puts it in flight. Great beat and you can dance to it - I give it a 93.



Joe Riccardello, modulating.

Photo: C. Miller

REVIEWS

YOU AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT A SHEEPDOG



"Midnite Woman"/"Leave It All Up To You"
The Sheepdogs/Crank City Records
2 Doremus St. Paterson, NJ (\$3)

Fairly typical North Jersey stuff, as veteran studio/club-band pros goof around with a pair of rockabilly originals. Garageband production and a certain silly veneer notwithstanding, this is about as substantial as anything you'll find on the forthcoming Dirt Compilation lps. Bop till your arches drop, guys. Next time out: Surfrock?

- J.T.

3 Funkateers

by Bruce Gallanter

Rickey Joyce, local drummer extraordinaire, hails from Elizabeth, is a Libra, and will soon be turning the big 3-0. He is also the leader of the funk/punk unit, the Rickey Joyce Transfusion.

Rickey's soul has been submerged in rhythm since he was a tot, banging on pots and pans. He got his first drum kit at 7, and was soon playing bongos in a youthful African Percussion Ensemble, greatly influenced by Olatunji. By 15, he was in Linden's Merchants Of Soul, and into jazz. In high school, his white buddies turned him on to Hendrix, Cream, and Zappa. Those influences were evident when Rickey started his first band with himself as leader/songwriter/vocalist. He called it the Rickey Joyce Group. The band included Jay Levin and Tom Mackenzie and worked in a funkier variation of the Cream/Hendrix sound.

When I first caught this combo at Max's Kansas City in 1980, they totally blew away the audience, who never expected this sort of fusion from a trio from Elizabeth, NJ. Here was the toughest funk/rock this side of Funkadelic or Blood Ulmer. Jay Levin just burned the voodoo down, steamin' on lead guitar, making Jimi proud. Tom Mackenzie, a man possessed by funk, held down the bottom, a dynamo on electric bass. And Rickey, providing the sly vocal focus, leading it all from behind his kit - arms flailing, monster rhythms abounding.

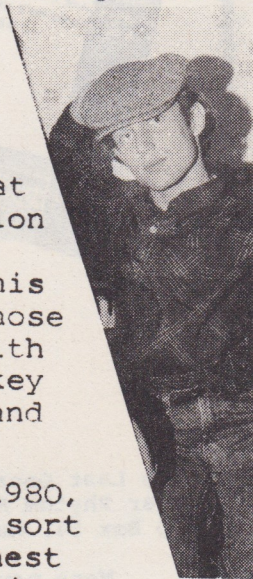
After that gig, Jay and Rickey had the chance to sit in with Blood Ulmer, and Rickey introduced him to a new instrumental. Ulmer liked the tune so much he "borrowed" it for his own set, and can still be heard performing it currently. Rickey called the song "Transfusion," and, apparently inspired by this incident, changed the name of the band to the Rickey Joyce Transfusion.

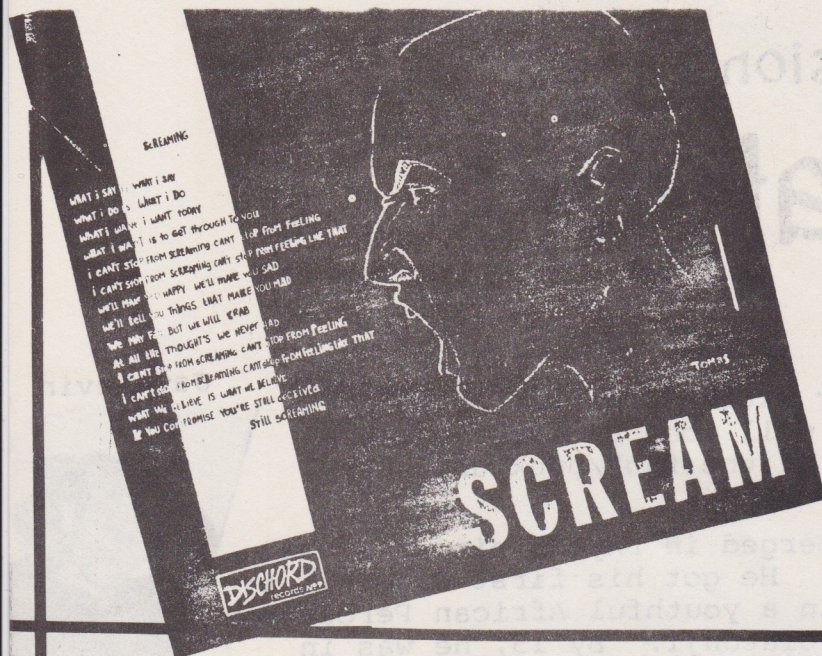
After a slow spell, things are looking up for Transfusion. The band recently recorded a 4-track demo of their progressive dance/funk music, including the pick-to-hit, "Wheres Your Money Going?" Given the realities of band economics, there has been a succession of Transfusion bassists, the latest of which - Art "Junie" Sims of Jersey City - may just be the hottest electric bassist I have ever heard. This cat sound like he has four hands; move over, Jamaaladeen!

Transfusion should be hitting the clubs soon, and Rickey and Jay often play jazz gigs in the Orange and Newark area. Watch out for these guys: Guaranteed to make your blood boil!

Rickey Joyce

Jay Levin





Next to Kraut's Adjustment To Society, this is very easily the hardcore/punk lp of the year. Give Minor Threat Ian MacKaye credit here as producer of record: He's given Scream a guitar sound that varies from killer thrash to bristling garagepunk to funky reggae party. The unbridled misogyny of "Hygiene" could use a bit of cleaning up and the politics tend to turn into the sophomoric anthems of leftwing crybabies. But "Fight/American Justice", "Amerarockers," and "Laissez-Faire" are as powerful as any punk (or Oi) that's been released since '82. This is an awesome debut and a rightful heir to the Dischords tradition that spawned Minor Threat, Void/Faith, and "Flex Your Head."

-Jim Testa

OUTTA TOWN

More psychedelic garage-punk from Beantown, home of the Lyres, Boys Life, the Del Fuegos, et al. This time around the band are all alumni of either the Lyres or the seminal DMZ. Guitarist Rick Coraccio penned these four originals, which include "Number One Again" (post-punk pop; sounds a bit like the Real Kids), "Waiting For You" (yet another Velvets-inspired garage-rocker, although less psychedelic than Dream Syndicate), and "Bit of You" (which sounds exactly like labelmates the Real Kids). People who still like to dance to rock and roll (raise your hands, kids!) should own this. The production could use a bit more zip, though.

- J.T.

THE LAST ONES

MINOR THREAT

If *Minor Threat* really is "out of step," as the title cut of this 8-song, 12" ep suggests, it's only because they're ten paces ahead of the rest of us.

Let's make this short: This is great. Speed? Sure. Power? Plenty. But the MT5, with the addition of bassist Steve Hanger, do more than play it fast & loud. This record explodes with a range of musical ideas - riffs, lyrics, emotions, humor - that few bands of any stripe could attempt. Lyle Preslar and Brian Baker on guitar, Ian Mackaye on vocals, Jeff Nelson on drums: A minor threat? Forget it. These baby-faced gangsters threaten to take over the whole of rock n roll.

- J. T.

REVIEWS

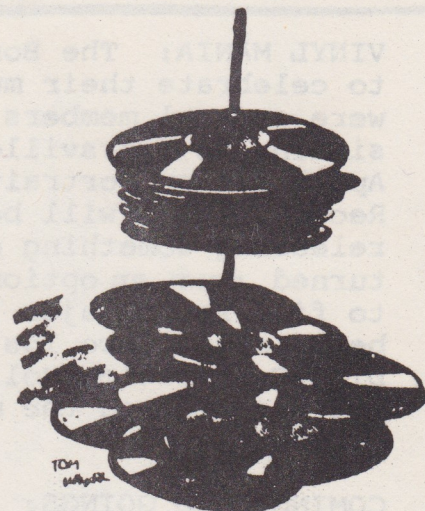
by John Souchak

Detention/"Dead Rock N Rollers"/"El Salvador"
Vintage Vinyl Records
1376 Springfield Ave. Irvington, NJ

Love it or hate it, you have to admit this is the most daring of all the songs written about our new-deceased rock 'n' roll heroes. Janis Joplin, Keith Moon, Jimi Hendrix, and Jim Morrison are just a few of them mentioned in this macabre but entertaining song.

The song's killer line - "At least he didn't drown in his own punke" - refers to John Lennon; not exactly your traditional sentimental tribute to a great artist, but it does say it all. The guitar work is excellent; overall, this is a good song.

The B-side, "El Salvador," is just as powerful; "Don't send any priests, nuns, NATO advisors/But most of all/Don't send me!" I can remember protest songs like this being sung 10 or 15 years ago, although they were more melodic then. This cut is just as strong instrumentally, though, with an ear-piercing beginning and a blazing finish; perfect for any hardcore collection. Produced by Rob Roth at Roselle Park, NJ's Homegrown Studios.



"Breakfast Special"/"Play It Again Sam"
Blue Sparks From Hell
PO Box 301, Long Valley, NJ 07853 (\$3.00)

The band calls its music "American Jive, which fits well enough, although the A-side of this novelty single proffers old-timey Western Swing in Dan Hicks' style. The B-side is a trifle more complex, a fusion of jazz, swing, and novelty tune stuff; Tom Waits on a muscatel bender. While the band makes pleasant enough music, trying to find an audience for this sort of rarefied foofaraw through indie singles and the rock club scene may well prove impossible. The band plays regularly at the Stanhope House in Stanhope, NJ.

by Jim Testa

"Girls Will Be Girls"/"Social Disease"
Hades/225 Buttonwood Dr. Paramus, NJ (\$3)

Hades offers a strong introduction to Jersey's underground heavy metal scene; underground because these bands play mostly covers (and usually in tanktown bars or rural inns) and so lie outside the pop-radio and media mainstream. "Girls Will Be Girls" is strong, uptempo, big-guitar post-Motorhead metal; at 2:25, it's a relatively painless and energetic rock and roll romp, described by the band as "one of our shortest, most simplistic commercial originals." The band's been together about four years, runs about 19-20 years of age per member, and plays "mostly more complex metal by Iron Maiden, Ozzy, and older Judas Priest." Lead singer Paul Smith and guitarist Dan Lorenzo formed the band in '78; other current members include Joe Casilli on guitar, Tom Combs on drums, and Darrell Sqroi on bass. The band plays the circuit (Soap Factor, Cuckoos Nest, Olde Tymer, Circus, etc.) and (I like this part) solemnly reports, "We refuse to sign with an agency."

Rock n roll!

-J.T.



THE BEAT

VINYL MANIA: The Bongos held a small party at Maxwells March 31 to celebrate their multi-lp contract with RCA Records; in attendance were several members of the dBs, who were still celebrating their own signing to Bearsville...The Hawaiian Pups' debut 12" ep due out on April 24th on Portrait /Epic...The next release on Hoboken's Coyote Records label will be a single by the Riff Doctors...Hoboken's Cyclones releasing something or another on Plexus, we hear...While the Individuals turned down an option to record their second lp on Plexus, preferring to fish for a major label instead...Johnny "Dirt Club" Schroder will be releasing two lps imminently on his Dirt label: The first a Dirt Compilation Vol. II featuring more of the Jersey pop bands that put his club on the map, and a Vol.III featuring local punk and hardcore combos...

COMINGS AND GOINGS: The Phosphenes reportedly broken up...Mercedes Walker of the Cosmotones currently gigging with Poptronix while waiting for 'tones drummer Craig DeWolf to recover from a broken leg; besides whatever happens with Poptronix, Walker hopes to record a Cosmotones ep this summer with various pals and neighbors filling in for departed guitarist Mike LeRose...Former Poptronix bassist Brian Aliano now headbanging with Bobby Steele's Undead...

UNDER THE COVERS: The latest fad among local scenemakers is the tribute band syndrome, started when Bongo's bassist Rob Norris put together Foggy Notion, a Velvet Underground cover band (featuring Phosphene Tim Sherry, Yung Wu's Stanley Demeski, and Ward 8's Mark Carlucci); fellow Bongos and a bunch of ex-Feelies quickly followed with Dr. Robert, daytripping through the hits of the Beatles; and of course there's Georgia And Those Guys, featuring Hoboken artist Georgia Hubley, rock critics Ira Kaplan and Drew Wheeler, and just about anybody else they know who can carry a tune (not to mention follow crit Mike Hill, who can't, so he sings Jonathan Richman songs instead...) - and I'm still waiting for my guest shot, Georgia...

FEELIEING AROUND: Everybody knows the legendary Feelies, who pretty much invented the "new pop" sound of the Bongos, Individuals, etc. They'll be reuniting May 1st as part of the "Music For Neighbors" series at the Haledon Peanut Gallery...Other series shows include the Willies on April 24, and the aforementioned Georgia And Those Guys May 8th...

HARDCORE REPORT: While there are still no clubs in Jersey booking hardcore, lots of NJ bands are getting a chance to play out, what with the Gildersleeves Sunday series and the popular CBGB matinees...Bergenfield's Whorelords opened for the Undead at GG's while young TDV (profiled in this ish) made their NYC debut opening for the False Prophets at CBGB...Jim Fo ster has left AOD (amicably, he says); singer Paul and former roadie Bruce will team up for a double-ax attack to replace him...

ADRENALIN O.D.



get the Samoan Seal of Approval

by Howard Wuelfing

"Let's Barbecue With Adrenalin O.D."
Adrenalin O.D./Buy Our Records
2374 Steuben St. Union, NJ (\$3)

So there I was, sitting in what was left of my living room in the aftermath of two days of bivouacking with the visiting Angry Samoans, playing Jukebox Jury with their lead singer, Metal Mike. He'd already dismissed half my collection as "ordinary; thrash; what's next?" etc. when suddenly his ears perked up. "That one's ok," he offered.

The cochlea-tickling thang in question was Adrenalin O.D.'s debut waxing, Let's Barbecue With AOD, a six-song, seven-inch 33 1/3 beaut. They kick things off HOTHOTHOT with "Suburbia," a classic gem of punkdom wherein there's melody solid and distinctive enough to stand up to the ridiculous velocity and volume this sort of stuff's normally spat out at. A classic, sez I!

The other 5 songs got good funny/smart words and a clear, coherent sound that brings to mind images of hunks o' steel hurtling through panes of stained glass, as opposed to puke-squirting-thru-fan-blades, like too much latterday thrash. Groovy, sez I.

Now if I can only get the D.C. municipal gov't to declare my apartment a disaster area...

Howard Wuelfing writes for the Washington Post about loud noisy music and often plays host to displaced bands of weirded-out musicians visiting our nation's capital.

this space reserved for the Kinetics review...

mourning noise interview from pg 5

JB: What influences you, what hardcore do you like?

S: We really think of ourselves as more of a punk band than a hardcore band. I've been into this since 1977 and I love this music, it's great, so that's all I've been listening to for about six years. I never really listen to "rock" bands or any other type stuff.

JB: I hear you played the Dirt Club, but I've heard they don't like hardcore there. How did it go?

S: It was a good show but they don't want us back. We were supposed to play, well, we played there September 8th and we were supposed to come back in December but in the meantime some hardcore band from South Jersey...

JB: Fatal Rage.

Steve: Yeah, Fatal Rage, they played there and they brought some people with them and they destroyed everything.

JB: What do you think of noise bands?

S: We try to get away from that. We try to put out our own sound, we don't want to be like all the other bands.

JB: You want to be different. Isn't that what this business is supposed to be all about?

S: Yeah, like Kraut, they stand out pretty much from all the other bands.

JB: What do you think of the Jersey scene? Will it become known outside this area?

S: It all depends on the crowd. Slamming is one thing but you get a lot of people in the hardcore scene that are like jocks, football players who shave their heads and go out there to hurt someone. This is what is killing the bands and local scene.

JB: Right now is there anyplace in Jersey that books hardcore bands?

S: Not all it. It's very rough.

JB: When you play New York, do people put your band down because you come from Jersey?

S: The night we played A-7 with Adrenalin OD it was all Jersey bands and they were yelling, "Jersey, go home," but you know A-7, they have their own crowd there.

JB: Do you have a record in the works?

S: Yeah, our record should be coming out by June, hopefully. We have to finish our recording. We got laid back because our guitar player had broken his wrist... The record will be a 5-song EP.

JB: What is Mourning Noise all about?

S: We're about music and we're out there because we like the music, we're playing it, not doing it because it's a fad. I'd like to do this for the rest of my life. Our music is a kind of music that's a part of society now and the only way to end it is when the world ends.

JB: Any last words?

Steve: I think hardcore could become big because some of it is really good and it's only the bands that want to make who will make it. The band that really puts all its efforts into the music will get somewhere.



"So Glad"/"Time To Turn"
Terry Hughes/Rubber Ball Records

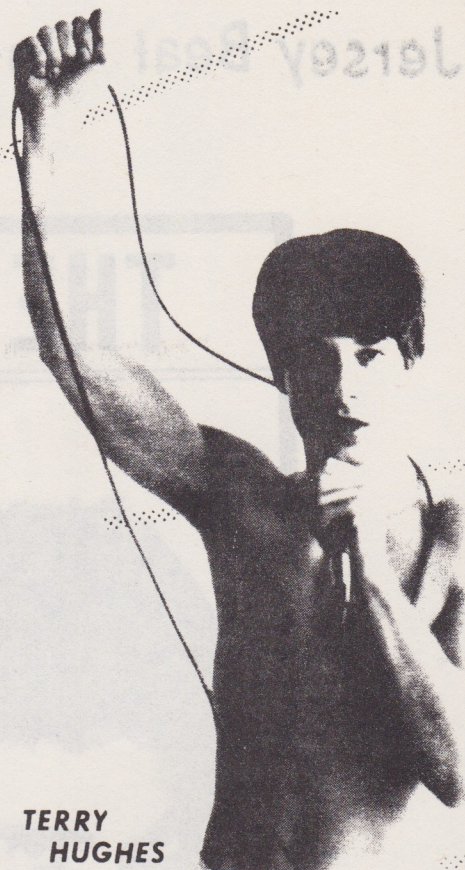
From the beefcake pic sleeve to the "Ruby Tuesday"-era Stones pastiche on Side 1, this vanity production does little more than announce that some kids still want to grow up to be Mick Jagger.

"Askyalater"/"Vortex Touch"
Nullset/JRM Records

Most electro-pop aims for either the head or the feet, but Nullset's synthesized burblings are too mainstream to be avantist; and since the band can't seem to find the groove, you can't dance to it either. Side B recorded live at Trentons City Gardens; Side A produced by New Brunswick guru Matt Pinfield.

UNSIGNED HEROES VOLUME I
released by WPST-FM

This compilation lp's ten tracks confirm the Central Jersey Club-Rock Syndrome: A deep fear of taking chances complicated by an inability to find a musical identity beyond a handful of inherited rock cliches. Best cut: Burtnick & Miller's basement tape, "Here Comes Sally." Exec producer Tom Marolda appears on 2 cuts himself, leading one to wonder if this project is as philanthropic as it might first appear.



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